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CAN ALARUS,

ER COFFADWRIAETH AM

Ddienyddiad Wm. Williams, 19 oed, yn Aberhonddu, Ebrill 23, 1861, am lofruddio ei fodryb, Ann Williams, yn y Ffawydd, yn mhlwyf Talgarth, Swydd Frycheiniog, Hydref, 1860.

Chwi Gymry manwl mwynion, yn fawrion ac yn fan,
Cydweswch yma'n gryno i wrando galar gân;
Yn Aberhonddu gwelwom drallodion trymion trist,
O herwydd byw'n anuffudd, a gwrthod crefydd Crist.

O fewn i Swydd Frycheiniog bu'r anonbrugarog waith,
Bydd cofio am y driniaeth er helaeth amser maith
Gyflawnwyd mewn modd cuaidd, auweddaudd iawn yn wir,
Y weithred wnaed mor eglur, a gofir amser hir.

Mab ieuanc oedd mewn dyddiau mae'n ddiu yn y byd,
Ei fodryb a lofruddiodd o'i wirfodd yn ddilid;
Ac am ei waith ca'dd farw, O chwervw angau trist!
Yn bedair bliwydd ar bymtheg, mae miloedd yno'n dyst.

Yn y Ffawyddden gwnaethpwyd y weithred hynod hon,
O fewn plwyf Talgarth odiaeth, er alaeth i bob bron;
Ei fodryb a lofruddiodd o'i wirfodd yn y fan,
Drwy'i saethu yn ei chadair, mawr drymder ddaeth i'w ran.

'Nol iddo ef ei saethu, gwnaeth methu mynd i fwrdd,
Ei chwaer a glywai'r ergyd, anhyfryd oedd y twrdd;
Ac wrth y drws y gwelodd, a dywedodd wrthi'n flin,
O Charlotte, modryb saethodd yn rhywfodd heddyw ei hun.

Yr oedd bryd hyny'n wyo, a'i ddagrau'n llifo i'r llawr,
Wrth draethu am y weithred anynad hon yn awr;
I fwrdd yr aeth i geisio, mewn cyffro y pryd hyn,
Am wraig i olechi ei fodryb, a'i galon mor dligrin.

Ei ddal a gadd y lofrudd, annedwydd iawn ei nôd,
A'i gyrcu wnaed i'r carchar mewn galar is y rhod,
Am wneuthur y fath weithred anynad galed gur,
Ac yro bu dan gloion, a'i galon fel y dŵr.

Mis Mawrth ca'dd ddoe i'r frawdlys, boed hysbys i
chwi gyf.

Ger bron y Judge a'r Jury, pryd hyny o un fryd,
A chawsant ef yn euog, wr liidiog yn y lle,
O wneuthur y gyflafau amiddan dan y ne'.

'Nol holi y meddygon a'r tystion oll bob un,
'Roedd pawb mewn gair yn gwirio, gan lwyr gondem-
nio'r dyn;

A'r rheithwyr wnaent gyduno mewn gairiau yno ar g'oedd,
Yn mrawdlys Swydd Frycheiniog, gan ddweyd mai euog
oedd.

Y Barnwr wrth gyhoeddi pryd hyny'r ddedfryd roes,
Gan ddywedyd, William Williams, gwnewch werthfawr-
ogi'ch oes,

Yn euog iawn fe'ch cafwyd, 'nawr profwyd chwi yn wir
I ddyoddef cosp marwolaeth hyd eitha'r gyfraith glir.

Eich modryb a laddasoch, chwi wnaethoch o un fryd
I foddio'r gelyn diafol anynol yn y byd,
Er mwyn meddiannu ei chyfoeth, spor annoeth aethoch
chwi,

Heb onni myn'd a'i bywyd, o'r byd fe'i gyrwyd hi.

Gweddiwch bellach beunydd ar Lywydd nef a llawr,
Am fadden eich pechodau er mwyn y Meichiau mawr,
Eich tymhor byr defnyddiwch tra byddoch yma'n byw,
Rhag myned yn amharod oddiyma i wyddfod Duw.

I'r carchar 'nol fe'i gyrwyd hyd ddydd y ddedfryd ddu,
Lle rhoddodd gweinidogion gyngorion iddo'n gu;
Danfunwyd rhat deisebion gan fawrion drosto e',
Er mwyn cael cadw bywyd yr adyn yn y lle.

Er hyny yn mis Ebrill ymgynull torf a wnaeth
At garchar Aberhonddu i'w wel'd mewn cyffion caeth,
I wel'd yno'r lofrudd yn dyodde'n brudd ar bren,
Am deg o'r gloch y bore, heb amheu, ei oes i ben.

Mewn hyder 'rwy'n dymuno, cyn rhoddi beibio'm can,
Boed hyn o dro'n rhybuddion i fawrion ac i fan,
Rhag dilyn ffyrdd y diafol, arswydol dan y nen,
Duw'r nef o'i räs a'n cadwo, gwawn oll ddymuno, Amen.

E. GRIFFITHS (Ieuan o Eflon.)

Execution of William Williams.

On Tuesday morning hundreds of persons assembled in front of the Gaol at Brecon to view the execution of this unfortunate criminal. The Sheriff's with their usual attendants arrived at the prison, and proceeded to the condemned cell, where they found the chaplain engaged in prayer with the wretched man. After the usual formalities had been observed, they were conducted to the press-room. The executioner then commenced pinning his arms, which was soon completed, during which time the prisoner seemed to feel the most intense mental anguish. He walked with a faltering step in the mournful procession, preceded by

For a cold blooded murder I well deserve to die,
To pardon me, poor sinner, I'll pray to God on high;
My aunt so very cruel I took her life away,
Without any provocation on that unhappy day.

From my own mother's dwelling I went and took my gun,
And when it was convenient the dreadful deed was done,
In her chair I shot her when by the fire side,
And tempted then by Satan this awful crime to hide.

For to obtain her money I had made up my mind,
To do this horrid murder on one that was so kind;
But soon was apprehended and took to Brecon gaol,
Confin'd and well secured—my sorrows to bewail.

My name is William Williams, I cannot happy be,
For soon I'll have to suffer upon the gallows tree:
'Tis a shocking thing to murder, the Holy Scriptures say,
And sin against the Almighty to take man's life away.

the Reverend Ordinary, who read in a loud voice the Burial Service. On arriving at the steps leading to the scaffold, he tremulously thanked the Sheriff, the Chaplain, and the Governor and prison officials for their kind attention to him during his confinement, and then slowly mounted the scaffold. Directly the unfortunate creature was seen by the crowd, a death-like silence prevailed among the vast multitude of people, and a mournful murmur was heard to fall from their lips. The executioner having adjusted the rope, and drawn the cap over his eyes, the bolt was withdrawn, and the wretched man launched into eternity.

My sins they are so many, on earth there's none can tell,
I don't deserve forgiveness, nor happiness to dwell,
Among the saints in heaven, on God's right hand above,
To join the blessed angels we all must learn to love.

O may the Lord have mercy, and teach me how to pray,
To meet him without fear at the great judgment day,
And take my soul to glory, although I went astray
And done the brutal murder in a most dreadful way.

To Brecon town on Tuesday there came unto the place
To see the last of Williams who suffered in disgrace,
Some thousands of young people, and many others too,
The sight it was heartrending—from earth was forc'd to go.

Oh may it be a warning to old and young and all,
And pray to God for mercy, make ready for the call,
And to do no murder while on this earth below,
But love our friends & kindred, and kindness to them show.

J. W. JONES.